

After the shower,
The tranquil sun;
Silver stars when
The day is done.

After the snow,
The emerald leaves;
After the harvest,
Golden sheaves.

After the clouds,
The violet sky;
Quiet woods when
The wind goes by.

After the tempest,
The lull of waves;
After the battle,
Peaceful graves.

After the knell,
The wedding-bells;
Joyful greetings,
From sad farewells.

After the lud,
The radiant rose;
After our weeping,
Sweet repose.

After the burden,
The blissful meed,
After the furrow,
The waking seed.

After the flight,
The downy nest;
Over the shadowy
River—rest.

BACK WINDOWS.

A GOOD LOVE STORY FROM A DIARY.

APRIL 12, 18—In utter *ennui* and desperation I have at last begun a diary. Did I ever believe that I could descend to such a miserable expedient! But no one knows what he is capable of until he tries, and "the times that try men's souls," develop strange and unsuspected resources.

In this one of the aforesaid times? Well, all things considered, I should rather say it is. Here am I, Philip Leigh, an utter stranger in the city, just about launching on a commercial career under the most favorable auspices, "eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves his father's field," and all the rest of it. That is what I was two weeks ago, and the first clause still holds good. What am I now? A bundle of aches, a thing of nerves and sensibilities. Bah! what is manhood worth if a slip on a bit of orange-peel, a twist of the knee, can reduce one to such a pitiful level?

No use grumbling! No, my philosophic soul. Would that you always ruled this mortal frame! Unluckily, you don't. Human nature is weak, given to repinings, and much haunted by black spectres of gloom, and *ennui*. What defenses have I against their too frequent incursions?

Plenty of pens and paper: certainly, but to what use? I have no friends to whom I care to pour out my woes—which is lucky for the friends. Books? my library is certainly limited. I did not come here to lead a bookish life, and beyond a Bible, Shakespeare, and one or two other volumes my shelves are bare.

Women never seem at a loss to dispose of their time. What do they do, I wonder? Sew, I suppose; but, alas! that panacea is denied me. Oh, my mother, why did you let me go out into the world thus unprovided for?

Well, if I am to write a diary, something must be written; that is clear. Shall I feel my mental pulse, and record its variations with tender solicitude? Hardly, I think, for I have a strong conviction that "that way madness lies," and what I am especially beginning this diary for is to avoid morbid inspections and imaginations.

What then? to journey round my room after the fashion of Lemaître? Genius might extract something from the aspect of a bachelor's room, in the "three pair back" of a New York boarding-house, but I confess that is quite beyond my abilities. It is all new and prim. I have no time to fit myself to my nook, nor my nook to me.

Well, then, outside. Outside there are yards—city yards—and a row of houses with the wrong-side-out look peculiar to the backs of city houses. The fronts are brown stone, I know. Are the characters of the inhabitants as different in the front and rear, I wonder? Have they all back doors, where the mean little higgings vires come and go, while the lordly virtues stalk grandly up and down the front steps? How much could one learn of one's neighbors' characters from these same literal back doors, I wonder!

The house opposite looks rather more attractive, or less repulsive, than the rest. The scrap of a grass plot is fresh and green, and the borders are brown with the rich tinge of newly-raked mold. Two children are skirmishing about the yard with the futile bows to which boys of tender age are so marvelously attracted.

"Etta" calls one of them, in a shrill squeal.

A girl's head appears at the window above.

"My fish has come unburied," plaintively wails the infant, who has been closely examining a spot of ground out of my range of sight.

"Etta" laughs.

"Bury it over again, then," she calls, in one of those sweet, low-pitched voices which, be they raised ever so high, do not jar upon the nerves.

She lingers a moment, looking down at the child. Where is my opera-glass? Yes, as I thought, a pretty face, a very pretty face, fair and soft, with a flickering rose bloom on the rounded cheeks, and cloudy, golden hair, waving rather low above dark, straight brows. The eyes are dark, too, I think, and the mouth is firm and yet tender—a little haughty, perhaps, but the smile brings out a tiny dimple at each corner, and shows such white, even teeth that you

The Deaf-Blind's Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME IV.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, DEC. 9, 1875.

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don't mind that. Not a perfect face at all, not even a beautiful one, but sweet and fresh and refined, with a look of purity and health, moral and physical about it. The figure, as much as I can see of it, is light and firm—one of those figures which cannot be other than graceful, let them do what they will.

A bell clangs in the house; luncheon, of course. "Etta" vanishes, and only a blank wall and empty, staring windows are left for my inspection. Not interesting, decidedly not interesting; and up at home, among the New England hills, the willows are veiled in their soft green mist, and wave after wave of verdure is sweeping up the hillside day by day among the great granite boulders, grim and gray. Does the sun shine there and does the foliage glimmer, I wonder? And are the brown mountain streams dancing downward, with their whirling flakes of white foam, between the mossy rocks?

"God made the country," they said; but He must have had some little hand in the city too, I fancy—at least in the making of such creatures as that "Etta" over there.

April 20.—This "Etta" is becoming quite a fascinating study—fascinating because bewildering and perplexing. What is she! Has the girl two natures, or is the mystery only in me? I hope my brain is not giving way under pressure; but why does she do such provoking, unaccountable things? Not that anything she does is remarkable in itself, now that I come to think of it, only her looks and acts and ways at different times contradict each other so strangely. After all I believe the difference is in my own mind, and not in her. How else can it be that whereas at one time I feel such a strange attraction toward her, at another I feel an equally strange repulsion? No, that is too strong a word; it is rather an absolute indifference, utterly devoid even of admiration. So strong has this feeling grown that the instant she appears I feel, "Now I shall like her," or "Now I shall hate her," and the instinct never deceives.

Last night Etta went to a ball or something of that sort. At any rate, she came to the window gorgeous in some white, shimmering stuff, with wreaths of pink health (I think) trailing all over it. She stopped a moment to clasp a bracelet on her round, white arm, and the subtle charm and attraction were stronger than ever.

A few minutes afterward I saw her in the parlor. The gas was turned up to its full height, and the windows were wide open. Apparently she was posing and practicing before the pier-glass. Nothing in that? Of course not. We all like women to be at their ease, and how can they be that if they are not sure of looking well, and how could they be sure of looking well if pier-glasses did not exist? But surely she need not have pranced and ambled as she did before that mirror, with sidewise sweeping of her train, with airy flutterings of her fan, with billings and mincing, perkings of chin and droopings of eyelids. I was glad when the carriage was announced and the house was left to darkness and silence.

April 27.—No chance of my being out and about for two weeks yet, so the doctor tells me. Perfect stillness under penalty of lameness for life. Wretched for a man in full health to be tied by the leg in this way! Once in a while I am tempted to give it all up and go out into life again. I am tired of fighting this incessant thirst to be in the midst of the stir and bustle, one of a mass of struggling atoms, and not a mere solitary, sluggish molecule, a sort of hermit crab, sitting here in "my lane" and fighting off *ennui*. But—lane for life! Well, it wouldn't be pleasant. The words gave me rather a shivery feeling as they dropped so glibly from the doctor's lips. To hobble through life a mere distorted wreck of a man? No, on the whole, I had better eat my heart out here a little longer than gnaw it in vain for the rest of my life.

I wonder if I am becoming too much interested in that girl over there! Certainly I watch for her eagerly, and count the day blank when I have not seen her. Nonsense! It is only the utter lack of any excitement in my life which makes me think of her at all; and then the mystery about my feelings towards her keeps up the interest. Only let me get out once in the great surging sea of New York and mix with other men, and then Etta may go—it would be ungrateful as well as impolite to suggest "Jericho" as her goal—she may go whether she will.

But suppose, just suppose, the feeling should not be shaken off? Well, it would be awkward, certainly. But that is out of the question. I am morbid and nervous now; but let me only regain my full strength, once more, and all these dreams and imaginations will vanish like a morning mist.

The back room in which Etta oftenest appears is not her bed-room, evidently. It seems to be a sewing-room study, nursery—a sort of city of refuge for the odds and ends of household life. Sometimes I see her sitting at the window and sewing. Somehow I think I like her best then. Her little fingers fly in and out so deftly, with such dainty twists and turns, which dimple the knuckles

and show the pretty wrists in a hundred new and graceful attitudes. I look at my great clumsy fingers, and laugh to myself to think how miserably I potter over a single button, and what a miserable botch it is when it is sewed on at last.

May 8.—May-day is safely over. I have been haunted by a fear lest my opposite neighbors should be seized by the "flitting" mania which pervades New York at this season. It gave me rather a shock to realize what a blank life would be to me now without Etta to watch and speculate about. Of course it will not last, but just at present it is my only excitement, and I feel much the same sort of interest that one takes in a well-constructed novel, or a well-written and well-acted play. I don't in the least realize that Etta is a real flesh-and-blood woman. She is to me only an abstraction, a study, a puzzle, and I catch myself wondering, "How will it all come out? What did the author mean by this?" Perhaps if I really met her face to face, spoke to her, and heard her answer, it would all be different; but at present she is no more real to me than the Undines and Loreleis of the German fairy tales.

May 12.—My siege is nearly over at last. Dr. Petrie tells me that I may try the strength of my knee in a short walk with the aid of a stout cane. Thank Heaven! I don't think I quite realized before the terrible tedium and *ennui* of this long confinement. A new illustration of "He tempests the wind," &c., I suppose. I wonder if the prisoner ever realizes all his misery until the order for his release is signed, and the prison doors swing outward to let in the bright sweet sights and sounds of nature to his weary eyes.

May 19.—I am progressing rapidly. My knee seems quite restored, though I have not yet discarded my "cane staff." Somehow my interest in Etta does not diminish as I thought it would. While I am out I catch myself continually wondering, "What is she doing now? Is my Etta or the other Etta there?" and the first thing on my return is a rush to the window to see if I can catch a glimpse of her.

Philip, my boy, this won't do, you know. It was all very well while you had nothing else to think of, but it is time for you to shake off such whimsies now.

Tom Grant has been here. Tom is an old friend, a hare-brained fellow enough, but good and honest and true. We used to be great chums in the old days, and have never outgrown the liking. Tom is engaged, and the engagement is so new that the freshness has not yet worn off. He seems in a constant state of wonder over his good luck, and, of course, is as full of his raptures as a boy is of fireworks on the "Glorious Fourth." He raves about her hair, (I just wish he could see Etta's!) her eyes, her smile, her complexion, her hand, (no daintier than Etta's, I'll be sworn!) until I am sick of the whole subject, instead of being fired with the wildest curiosity, as he fondly imagines. He is going to take me to call on Miss Laura as soon as I feel strong enough. I don't think that will be very soon. If it were Etta, now!

May 24.—It is Etta! Here's a jolly go, as the London gamins say. Tom came here yesterday, bursting in with his usual free-and-easy manner. Of course his first words were an inquiry whether I would go with him this evening to see Miss Laura. While I hesitated and bungled over my excuse, he was striding about the room, examining things, until he reached the window, when he stopped short, with a sudden, "By George!"

Then—well, one does feel rather dazed when his castle tumbles about his ears, even if he never realized before that he had a castle at all. I have a vague idea that I stood with my mouth wide open, gasping like a sick salmon, while Tom went on to explain that the house exactly in the rear was the one where Miss Laura Vane lived.

"You must have seen her at the window, my boy," Tom went on in his liveliest manner. "Dark eyes and golden hair, you know. Of course you've seen her; and isn't she a stunner?"

Laura—Etta, Etta—Laura; what did it all mean? Tom went on droning on. I heard him through a sort of confused mist, only waking at his last words: "So I'll come for you to-morrow night, and take you round there. You're to be my best man when the wedding comes off, you know; but that won't be just yet."

Now the thing that puzzles me is which Etta shall I see when I go there. If it's the other Etta, all right. In the course of time I am quite sure that I can develop a brotherly indifference towards her, which will not in the least interfere with my friendship for Tom. If my Etta meets us, though—what then? Then time must decide, and "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof" in all conscience, especially when it comes in such a shape as this.

May 26.—Eureka! The mystery is solved, and what a fool I have been never to think of it before! When Tom and I walked up to the Vane's steps and rang the bell, I confess that I quaked at heart. Which would it be, my Etta or the other

Etta? In other words, when I met the actual flesh-and-blood woman, which set of feelings would get the upper hand?

Miss Laura swept down, gorgeous in white and rose-color, and, as I bent low in acknowledgement of Tom's presentation, I felt, with a sensation of blessed relief, that I found not my Etta, but the other Etta. I had only a moment for my self-congratulations, though. A second time the parlor door swung wide, a second figure in white and rose-color, with golden hair and soft, dark eyes, glided into the room. While I stared aghast I felt with a sudden thrill that here at last was my Etta, her very self, no phantom, and, best of all, not Tom's Miss Laura, after all.

Tom burst out laughing at my amazement, only half comprehending it, of course. Laura laughed too, and Etta smiled a shy, sweet smile.

"They are twins, my boy," roared Tom. "I wouldn't tell you before, because I wanted to see your first look when you saw them. Did you ever see such a likeness? I can tell them apart, though, bless you!"

"I think I can distinguish them also," I replied, meekly.

Think! In spite of Tom's credulity, didn't I know, didn't I feel in every fiber, that Etta was my Etta, and that Tom's Laura was the other Etta, and to me nothing, and less than nothing?

I fancy there will not be many more entries in this diary of mine. It has been a good friend to me while I needed it, but the living Etta is sweeter than the phantom Etta whom I have rashly dared to call mine.

November 12.—I shall not be Tom's best man after all, for our weddings are to take place the same day. Etta has laughed with tears in her eyes, over this old diary of mine, and insists upon my adding this last entry as a testimony to the virtues of back windows.

Last Moments of Beethoven.

A TOUCHING STORY.

He had but one happy moment in his life, and that moment killed him.

He lived in poverty, driven into solitude by contempt of the world, and by the natural bent of a disposition rendered harsh, almost savage, by the injustice of his contemporaries.

But he wrote the sublimest music that ever man or angel dreamed. He spoke to mankind in his divine language, and they disdained to listen to him. He spoke to them as Nature speaks in the celestial harmony of the winds, the waves, the singing of the birds amidst the woods. Beethoven was a prophet, and his utterance was from God.

And yet was his talent so disregarded that he was destined more than once to suffer the bitterest agony of the poet, the artisan, the musician. He doubted his own genius.

Haydn himself could find for him no better praise than in saying, "He is a clever pianist." Thus was it said of Gercault, "He blends his colors well," and thus of Goethe, "He has a tolerable style, and he commits no faults in orthography."

Beethoven had but one friend, and that friend was Hummel. But poverty and injustice had irritated him, and he was sometimes unjust himself. He quarreled with Hummel, and for a long time they ceased to meet. To crown his misfortunes, he became completely deaf.

Then Beethoven retired to Baden, where he lived isolated and sad.

In the midst of his solitary dreaming, a letter arrived which brought him back, despite himself, to the affairs of the world, where new griefs awaited him.

A nephew whom he had brought up, and to whom he was attached by the good offices which he had himself performed for the youth, wrote to implore his uncle's presence at Vienna. He had become involved in some disastrous business, from which his elder relative alone could relieve him.

Beethoven set out on his journey, and, compelled by the necessity of economy, accomplished part of the distance on foot. One evening he stopped before the gate of a small mean-looking house and solicited shelter. He had already several leagues to traverse before reaching Vienna, and his strength would not enable him to continue any longer on the road. They received him with hospitality; he partook of their supper, and then was installed in the master's chair by the fireside.

When the table was cleared, the father of the family arose and opened an old clavasin. The three sons took each a violin, and the mother and daughter occupied themselves in some domestic work.

The father gave the key-note, and all four began playing with that unity and precision, that is innate, and is peculiar only to the people of Germany. It seemed that they were deeply interested in what they played, for their whole souls were in the instruments. The two women desisted from their occupation to listen, and their gentle countenances expressed the emotions of the heart.

To observe all this was the only share Beethoven could take in what was passing, for he did not hear a single note.

When they finished, they shook each other's hands warmly, as if to congratulate themselves on a community of happiness. Then they appeared to consult together; they resumed their instruments; they commenced again. This time their enthusiasm reached its height, their eyes were filled with tears, and the color mounted to their cheeks.

"My friends," said Beethoven, "I am very unhappy that I can take no part in the delight which you experience, for I also love music; but, as you see, I am so deaf that I cannot hear any sound. Let me read this music which produces in you such sweet and lively emotions."

He took the paper in his hand, his eyes grew dim, his breath came short and fast; then he dropped the music and burst into tears.

These peasants had been playing the *allegretto* of Beethoven's symphony in A.

The whole family surrounded him, with signs of curiosity and surprise.

For some moments his convulsive sobs impeded his utterance; then he raised his head, and said, "I am Beethoven."

And they uncovered their heads and bent before him in respectful silence. Beethoven extended his hands to them, and they pressed them, kissed, wept over them; for they knew that they had among them a man who was greater than a king.

Beethoven held out his arms and embraced them all. All at once he rose up, and, sitting down to the clavasin, signed to the young men to take up their violins, and himself performed the piano part of this *chef-d'œuvre*. The performers were alike inspired; never was music more divine or better executed. Half the night passed away thus, and the peasants listened. Those were the last accents of the dying swan. The father compelled him to accept his own bed; but during the night Beethoven was restless and fevered. They sent to Vienna for a physician; dropsy on the chest was found to have declared itself, and in two days, despite every care and skill the doctor said that he must die.

As he lay upon his bed, pale and suffering, a man entered. It was Hummel—Hummel, his only friend. He had heard of the illness of Beethoven, and he came to him with succor and money. But it was too late; Beethoven was all but speechless; and a grateful smile was all that he could bestow upon his friend.

Hummel bent towards him, and by the aid of an acoustic instrument, enabled Beethoven to hear a few words of his compassion and regret.

Beethoven seemed reanimated, his eyes shone, he struggled for utterance, and gasped, "Is it not true, Hummel, that I have some talent, after all?"

These were his last words. His eyes grew fixed; his mouth fell open, and his spirit passed away.

A Brahmin's Prayer.

The following prayer is taken from the Indian Mirror, the organ of the Brahmin-Samaj, edited by Chunder Sen:

To thee, O Omniscent God, are known all the obstacles that lie in the path of our spiritual growth. Thou knowest that our relations to our wives are not favorable to our progress and cause much uneasiness and impurity. They are not what they ought to be, helpful companions in our spiritual journey. Thou hast given them to us that they may lighten our sorrows, sympathize with us in our misfortunes, soften our hearts, and help us in sanctifying our homes. But they have not proved helpful to us in the way thou desirest, both on account of their own faults and in the manner in which we treat them. In the world they help us; but, O Lord, they impede the soul's growth in faith, love, purity, and communion. They are not our companions in prayers, in the deep consciousness of religious life. Bless them, God, and make them our spiritual friends and companions, that we may see thee together and serve thee together and with one heart glorify thee for ever and ever.

O God, help the women of the land, help our wives, mothers, sisters, and daughters. Father, thou knowest how miserable is their condition. Intellectually and socially they are in the midst of darkness and sorrow. Grant that they may join us in our pilgrimage to the heavenly land and share those precious blessings of knowledge and faith which thou art showering on us in these days.

"The password is 'Saxe.' Now don't forget it, Pat," said the colonel, just before the battle of Fontenoy, at which Saxe was Marshall.

"Sacks! Faith and I will not! Wasn't my father a miller?"

"Who goes there?" cried the sentinel, after the Irishman had arrived at his post.

Pat was as wise as an owl, and in a sort of whispered howl, replied:

"Bags, yer honor!"

For by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned.

He who will not reason is a bigot; he who cannot is a fool; and he who dares not is a slave.

The Epizootic.

The epizootic is not entirely confined to horses, as the following will show. They had been keeping company for a year. He told her, Friday afternoon, that he would be up early Sunday evening, as he had something of great importance to tell her. With a woman's keen intuition she knew what the something of importance would be and she looked forward to the hour with sweet expectation. He was there on time, but hardly in the condition he desired. A heavy cold had tackled him the night before, and his eyes were red and inflamed, and his nose was nearly twice its natural size, and shone with a lustre that would have appeared to much better advantage on a door plate. Singularly enough, the young lady was similarly conditioned. She ushered him into the parlor, and without any preliminary ceremony they were on the sofa together. He took out his handkerchief, and finding a dry section, wiped his nose. This reminded her of a duty she owed herself and she attended to it at once. He held one of her hands in one of his, and his handkerchief in the other. Then he spoke:

"Sasad, I cub to nide do dalk do you of soddig dearer—ah-ah-ood (a prompt application of the handkerchief cut off the sneeze in the bud) dearer to me thad my libe—ah-ah—that id—oh-oh-ker chew, ker chew." A moment's pause. "I've got an awruled," he explained, with due solemnity.

"Sobe I," she sympathizingly replied.

A moment is devoted to a silent use of the handkerchiefs, and then he continues:

"Darlig, you must hab seed all de tibe how mudge—oh-oh-ker—(the handkerchief again saves him) how mudge I hab dought of you. Ebyr hour ob de day, or nideah-ah-oh—oh-oh—ker chew, KER CHEW, KER CHEW."

"Thid id awful," he protested, walking around the room, for the final explosion had raised him to his feet. She wiped her eyes and then her nose, and made an honest endeavor to look languishing, but owing to the watery condition of the former and the fiery glow of the latter she appeared to be an unhappy advantage. But he did not notice it. He felt of his proboscis tenderly for a moment and then returned to her side.

"Darlig, I can no longer lib widout you. Widout you libe would indeed be a wilderness; wid—"

She impulsively raised her hand.

"Ker-ker-chew—," she shouted.

He paused and gazed tenderly out of his inflamed eyes upon her convulsed features. "Darlig," he softly continued, seeing she was through, "you cad neber know how mudge—ah-oh-oh-ah-ker chew, ker-wish-sh-sh-er-r, ker chew, ker chew—Ooh, my! Oh, dear!" he wailed, impetuously grabbing for his handkerchief, while the tears ran down his cheeks.

She took advantage of the lull to unobtrusively apply her handkerchief.

"Susad," he began again, grasping her hand with fervor, and clutching his handkerchief with equal earnestness, "what id libe widout lub I Noddig. Darlig, do yoo, cad yoo lub me enough to be my—ah-ah-oh-ker chew. Heavigs, this id awrul." He mopped the perspiration from his countenance, and then waited until she reappeared from behind her handkerchief, when he resumed:

"I ask aged, darlig, eod you lub me enough to be my wife?"

The young girl dropped her head upon his breast, put her arm around his neck, and was just about to speak the glad answer when a sudden spasm shook her frame, and she went off into a series of sneezes which fairly endangered the safety of her fair neck. "Oh, my lub, Oh, my precious," he sympathizingly exclaimed, "Sbeak, Oh, sbeak—abool-oh-ker chew, ker chew, ker chew," he roared.

She fell into his arms again perfectly exhausted.

"You'll be mide, all mide," he gasped.

"I will, Hedry, I will," she hoarsely whispered.

He drew her to him with all his strength, slipped the ring upon her finger; and there they stood together—their reddened and half-closed eyes blinking in sweet, holy ecstacy upon each other, while their exhausted nostrils shone with a dim refugence.

"My poor darlig has got sudge a bad code," he sympathizingly murmured.

"So id my Hedry," she softly whispered back.

"I dode gare for myself. I—," he suddenly put her away, recovered his handkerchief, and instantly went off in a paroxysm of sneezes.

"Oh," he sighed, as he regained a perpendicular again, and mopped off his face, which was almost purple in hue.

"You mud dake sub medicid for that code to-night," she said.

"Both ob us," he added.

"Yes, a'd you'll zoak you feed in kod water?"

"I will, a'd you'll zoak yours?" he eagerly replied.

"Heavig bless you, my darlig, my precious darlig," he murmured, clasping her again tightly to his breast. And then he stole out into the darkness; and she

lingered a moment at the door, and heard his dear voice ring out on the night air as he passed away:

"Ker chew, ker chew, KER C-H-E-W."—Danbury News.

The Saviour's Death Sentence.

A correspondent of Notes and Queries (London) writes: Can any of your correspondents inform me whether the enclosed extract from the Kolnische Zeitung is based on sound authority, and what that sound authority is? also, where and when the Kolnische Zeitung was published?

CORRECT TRANSCRIPT OF THE SENTENCE OF DEATH PRONOUNCED AGAINST JESUS CHRIST.

The following is a copy of the most memorable judicial sentence which has ever been pronounced in the annals of the world—that of death against the Saviour—with remarks which Le Doit has collected, and the knowledge of which must be interesting in the highest degree to every Christian. Until now I am not aware that it has ever been made public in German papers. The sentence is word for word as follows:

Sentence pronounced by Pontius Pilate, intendant of the province of Lower Galilee, that Jesus of Nazareth shall suffer death by the cross.

In the seventeenth year of the Emperor Tiberius, and on the 26th day of the month of March, in the holy city of Jerusalem, during the pontificate of Ananias and Caiaphas.

Pontius Pilate, intendant of the province of Lower Galilee, sitting in judgment in the presidential seat of the pretor, sentences Jesus of Nazareth to death on a cross, between two robbers, numerous and notorious testimonies of the people, prove:

1. Jesus is a misleader.
2. He has excited the people to sedition.
3. He is an enemy to laws.
4. He calls himself the Son of God.
5. He calls himself falsely the King of Israel.

He went into the Temple, followed by a multitude of people carrying palms in their hands.

Orders the first centurion, Quirillus Cornelius, to bring him to the place of execution.

Forbids all persons, rich or poor, to prevent the execution of Jesus.

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Address, DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, DEC. 9, 1875.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

A Sunday Bible Class.

There will be a Bible Class for deaf-mutes at St. Mary's Church, Brooklyn, in the second and fourth Sundays of each month at 3 o'clock, p. m. Deaf-mutes residing in Brooklyn and vicinity are cordially invited to attend.

The Coming Convention of the New England Gallaudet Association of Deaf-mutes.

We have received information from Mr. Wm. B. Swett, President of the New England Gallaudet Association of Deaf-mutes, that he has, with the approval of Rev. Dr. Gallaudet and well known deaf-mutes, appointed the twenty-second of February next and Salem, Mass., as the time and place for holding the next convention of the above-named Association. The details concerning the programme of the convention will be sent to us in due time and will then appear in the JOURNAL. But we understand the principal object of the meeting is to make some change in the Constitution and By-Laws of the Association, in order to make it one of usefulness, instead of simply being a society from which to derive pleasure. In other words, the President will suggest measures to be adopted, calculated to bring about a more useful and profitable use of the Association, as well as ornamental. We are advised that it will be a session of unusual interest, and it is expected that there will be a full attendance of members. We hope we shall be able to be present on the occasion.

Honor to Whom, etc.

It is not everybody possessing an avowed interest in the deaf and dumb, that will see the plain truth that few know what is best for the deaf-mute better than the deaf-mute himself. How many solid pages have we recently read, depreciating the clannishness, mutism, and what-not of the community! Yet no one seems to have discovered the instances, which are happily multiplying, of efforts to wrestle with the root of the evil. We refer to the establishment of small schools for the deaf, established moreover, under deaf-mute auspices. The Pittsburgh Day School is well enough known and requires no comment except that it is under the management of a deaf-mute head. Within the year a day school has been started in Chicago, which is not suffering for want of attendance, the central power being vested in Prof. P. A. Emery, a semi-mute. Our news columns last week contained the announcement of still another such school in Cincinnati, Ohio, and not to break the link, it is under the management of Mr. R. P. McGregor, a semi-mute, for whose services as teacher, the Board of Education of that city, have agreed to pay a salary of \$1,000 per annum, to be increased \$100 the second year, and \$100 more the third year.

But another and more important effort that has been remarkably successful, is the establishment of the Central New York Institution, at Rome, N. Y., Alphonso Johnson, a semi-mute, Principal. Unlike those mentioned above, this is a regular corporate institution, having a Board of Trustees. Opening in the closing months of the regular academic term, this institution did nothing special other than to make abundant provision for the term that was to come. And with it has come an attendance of fifty-seven, which is but an admission or two of the maximum capacity of the buildings; and from statistics at hand, the management knows what to calculate for the future, extraordinary and unforeseen circumstances alone excepted.

Those who have studied the subject

and written pages upon it too, know what this multiplicity of small schools means. They can see how small, at this rate, the chances for any deaf-mute, however isolated, to grow up in ignorance or fractionally educated, actually are. And what will be the effect socially of this diminutive aggregation, they can probably calculate. Very likely before long others who are not deaf, will enter the same field, and whoever they may be, we shall hope for them abundant success, but let them not forget who took the initiative.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Itemizer*.

Mr. FRED H. KING, having graduated from the New York Institution with the highest honor, has gained the clerkship in the County Clerk's office. He has the reputation of being an excellent penman, having practiced with his pen for a few months in the Commercial College in Elmira, and left the college with success. The chief clerk had been looking for some one who could write very well. His eyes occasionally glanced at Mr. King, so that the clerk took him in the office. He is a man of intelligence and fine qualities. He is well known by nearly every body as "Fancy Penman."

—*Elmira Daily Advertiser*.
We congratulate Mr. King upon his providential success in obtaining such an excellent situation.

Mr. W. A. MANN held two religious services for deaf-mutes in Chicago, on Sunday, the 21st ult., one in the afternoon in the room of the Chicago Deaf-mute Society, and the other, in the evening, at St. James Church on corner of Hudson and Cass streets. Both audiences were well pleased with his discourses, and like him very much.

On Monday afternoon, Nov. 22d., Miss ANGIE E. FULLER and Mr. W. A. MANN, accompanied Mr. and Mrs. E. P. HOLMES from Chicago to Clarendon Hills, the home of the latter. They remained with them till Wednesday and then returned to Chicago. They enjoyed their visit very much as did also their host and hostess.

Mrs. J. E. STORY, of Cherry Valley, N. Y., has been sick with a severe cough for two months, but is at present improving and will recover her health again.

Mr. GEORGE E. BRONSON, of Franklin, Indiana, formerly a graduate of the Ohio Institution, is as usual, engaged in loaning money, and buying and selling real estate. He is said to be a shrewd financier and doing a good business; and, living but twenty miles south of the Indiana Institution on the I. M. & I. R. R., he frequently goes to that institution and attends the Sabbath services in the chapel.

The CHICAGO DEAF-MUTE SOCIETY talk of giving an anniversary festival on the evening of January 18th, next, for its members, besides a limited number of other invited persons.

Mr. EPHRAIM JEWELL, a graduate of the New York Institution in 1849, who has been engaged as a traveling agent, selling maps, for twenty-five years, and has seen considerable of the world, now lives with his mother at North Java, N. Y. He now occupies his time in working by the mouth on a farm, and in constructing barns and sheds for his neighbors. He is an intelligent deaf-mute and has subscribed for the JOURNAL.

A correspondent says there is much rejoicing at the expulsion of N. E. BOWES from the membership of the Boston Deaf-mute Library Association, and also that he is no longer the President of the same. Much credit is given Mr. JOHN T. TILGHAM for working out a great reform in the management of the society, although his energetic movement in that direction was ably seconded by many of the other members. Our correspondent, who is perfectly reliable, denounces BOWES in his management of the New England Deaf-mute Bureau as being a great humbug, and says that the Bureau helped the needy deaf-mutes but very little and that the funds were used to relieve BOWES and his kindred gang.

Preparations are being made to celebrate the anniversary of the birthday of Rev. THOS. H. GALLAUDET and LAURENT CLERE, on the 15th of December, 1875, in Boston, at the room of the Deaf-mute Library Association, instead of on the tenth at Salem, Mass., as had been intended. Large portraits of GALLAUDET and CLERE, on paper 25 by 30 inches are being handsomely prepared and framed to be exhibited at the celebration. Rev. Dr. GALLAUDET, of New York, and Mr. THOMAS BROWN, of West Henniker, N. H., have both promised to be present on the occasion. Other eminent men are expected to be present and address the meeting.

Professor A. GRAHAM BELL, lately called a meeting of deaf-mutes and hearing persons in the University rooms, in Beacon St., Boston, where he made an address on the subject of Visible Speech, and gave an exhibition of four pupils from the Articulation school. The exercises were gone through with considerable satisfaction to the audience. His object was to get the people interested and get the aid of the public to carry on his work of establishing an evening articulation school, a trade school, &c. For this purpose it is his intention, together with the trustees of the Deaf-mute Library Association, to apply to the Legislature of Massachusetts to obtain a charter to hold property to the amount of \$100,000.

JACOB TINKHAM, a deaf-mute, about seventy years of age, a shoemaker and farmer by occupation, residing at Wentham, Mass., was run over and killed by a team about two weeks ago. He left a wife, also deaf and dumb, to mourn his loss.

THE DEAF-MUTE SOCIETY, of Salem, Mass., is in a very prosperous condition having funds enough in its treasury to last a year or more without collecting any more. They have begun to have lectures delivered to them every two weeks. Mr. Wm. B. SWETT opened the course with the first lecture about two weeks ago.

Mr. Wm. BAILEY, who resided in Salem, Mass., and conducted Sunday services for deaf-mutes, has lately removed his family to Biddeford, Maine. There are about twenty deaf-mutes in that place, who work in factories. He will conduct such services there for them.

A Massachusetts correspondent speaking of the JOURNAL says: I have read it and give it as my opinion that it is very excellent and well conducted, and the deaf-mutes ought to take it. I will speak in its support wherever I go, and prevail on them to subscribe for it.

Rev. Dr. THOMAS GALLAUDET held a service for deaf-mutes and other persons in St. Michael's Church, Marblehead, Mass., on the 19th ult. He also baptized an infant son of Mr. and Mrs. JOHN BOWDEN. There were about ten deaf-mutes present. On Sunday following the Dr. held a similar service at the Chapel of the Good Shepherd, Boston.

As FRANK B. THOMSON, a deaf-mute, of Bound Brook, New Jersey, was exercising a horse on Thanksgiving day, the horse became frightened at the firing of a pistol, and threw him over his (the horse's) head, his foot caught in the stirrup, and he was dragged about ninety yards, when, by his boot coming off, he was released, with a few bruises and muddy clothes.

Deaf and dumb people who perist in transforming railroad tracks into foot-paths can hardly be acute in their remaining senses. HANNAH DAVENAU, one of this unfortunate class, residing in Louisville, lost her life Tuesday by walking on the track. Life insurance companies would be just as happy if people who were not deaf and dumb would keep off of railroad tracks.—*Troy Times*.

A deaf and dumb man entered the house of a Texan farmer to stay all night, and not making himself understood, he put his hand in his pocket for his slate, on which to write his request. The farmer, thinking he was drawing some weapon on him, fired at him, and inflicted a wound which may prove fatal.

We were favored last evening, with a call from Mr. A. W. MANN, the gentleman who is to conduct the service for deaf-mutes in the sign language at the chapel of St. Mark's to-day. Mr. Mann is doing much to instruct and benefit his unfortunate fellow-men, and we doubt not will receive his reward.—*Grand Rapids (Mich.) Times*, Dec. 5, 1875.

The Anniversary of the Birth of Rev. Thomas H. Gallaudet and Laurent Clere.

Will be celebrated in the Room of the Deaf-mute Library Association, 465 Washington St., Boston, Mass., on Wednesday Evening, Dec. 15, 1875, at 7 1/2 o'clock. Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, of New York, Mr. Thomas Brown, of West Henniker, N. H., Prof. A. G. Bell, of Salem, Mass., and others will address the meeting.

Large likenesses of Gallaudet and Clere will be unveiled and exhibited. This occasion bids fair to be of considerable interest.

All are earnestly invited to attend. Bring with you small change to put into contribution box, to aid in defraying expenses.

Geo. A. HOLMES,
WM. B. SWETT,
Committee of Arrangements.

What Others Say of Us.

NATICK, Mass., Dec. 1, 1875.
H. C. RIDER, Esq.—Dear Sir: My subscription for the JOURNAL will expire January 1st, 1876. I shall renew it and send \$1.50 by P. O. money order for next year. I am a life subscriber for the JOURNAL. It is my favorite paper, as it contains much interesting reading matter about deaf-mutes—more than all other papers combined. I could not do without it, and wish it much success. I thank you for the regularity with which it comes to me. I am now posted on all current deaf-mute subjects, and can say that the correspondence of the JOURNAL is exceedingly interesting. Yours truly,
ALDEN F. OSGOOD.

FRANKLIN, Ind., Nov. 25th, 1875.
H. C. RIDER, Esq.—Dear Sir: I enclose you a post office money order for \$1.50, to continue my subscription to the JOURNAL next year, and I sincerely wish I could send you a subscription list ten times as large, and would had there been deaf-mutes enough living in this vicinity. It gives us great pleasure to read so much general information in regard to deaf-mutes in different parts of the country and even the world. As long as you work so hard for the interests of the deaf and dumb, I shall cheerfully do all I can for your valuable paper—indeed, I could not get along without it. Very truly yours,
Geo. EGBERT BRONSON.

BELLEVEILLE, Can., Dec. 1st, 1875.
Mr. Editor:—Herein is enclosed \$1.50, being amount of one year's subscription to your interesting and ably conducted JOURNAL, which you will address to Mr. Richard Slater, Young Men's Christian Association, Room 34, Toronto. Yours truly,
J. B. MCGANN.

Oregon Deaf-mute school.

(From the Oregon Daily Statesman, Nov. 13, 75.)

In company with Col. Cooper we visited the "Deaf-Mute School," yesterday. The building is not suited to such State institution, for the reason that it is wanting in room for the number of pupils now in attendance, to say nothing of many who would attend if accommodations were better.

Rev. P. S. Knight is principal of the school, and has everything in good style. The greatest degree of cleanliness is observed and perfect order is understood by all pupils to be "Heaven's first law."

On being ushered in, one of the first items of interest which met our eye was a notice which reads, "No talking!" Just how that amusement could be indulged in by the pupils of that school, we could not divine, but presumed that it was based on good reasons and remained "mute," lest the notice was addressed to visitors.

Rev. Mr. Knight employs two teachers. W. S. Smith teaches the advanced classes and is a real genius in the art of instructing those unfortunates who cannot hear or speak. By a single sign or by signs which are wholly unintelligible to the outside world, his classes, with one accord, moved to the blackboards about the room, and wrote sentences on various subjects, in order to show their proficiency in orthography and in constructing sentences. Many persons who can hear and speak would be ashamed to compare their own acquirements with those of the attendants at this school. All who have been in the school for one year or more can write very well, and several astonish the visitor with the delicate precision with which sentences are framed, even extending to doubtful questions in punctuation. Mr. Smith favored us with several wonderful performances, among which we note, a demonstration that sound is conveyed to the brain through other channels than the ear. Beating a drum in another room conveyed to a pupil the letters composing any word given, although he cannot hear any sound. The concussion from the striking of the drum seems to reach him in some way, unaccountable. We saw several specimens of letters written by pupils to parents and friends which would compare favorably with the letters of many business men in both penmanship and the proper use of the "King's English." The entire school rendered, in pantomime, the Lord's Prayer in a manner which would surprise any one who never before witnessed it.

J. H. LaRue is assistant teacher, and is both active and efficient. His department of the school shows evidence of rapid advancement in learning on the part of pupils. Altogether the school is a credit to the State and should be carefully fostered by our Legislature and Board of Education, as it is calculated to make good and useful citizens of what amounts otherwise to a blank. The school should be built up and many mutants never at school, be taken in for instruction.

Miss Anna Bullock, 11 years old; John Wilcox, 9 years old, have been at the school only one year and both write very nice letters. The older scholars who have been longer in the school are of course much further advanced and compare well with students in other schools who have been more favored by Nature—or some directing power exercised in constructing mankind.

Rev. Mr. Knight is certainly a most excellent man for the place he occupies. The school is conducted to the satisfaction of students and parents, and all visitors speak in the highest terms of its management. The State, as well as the pupils in the school, are very fortunate in securing such talent as Mr. Knight possesses for that particular mission.

The Deaf-Mute Society of Chicago.

(From the Chicago Tribune.)

There is a little society in Chicago which, in a quiet way, is doing much good, but of the existence of which probably nine-tenths of the citizens are unaware. I refer to the Deaf-mute Society.

A large number of mutants reside in the city. In January, 1874, they organized a society, their object being to secure a room or rooms, where they could meet regularly for religious services, for lecturing purposes, and for social intercourse. Mrs. J. M. Raffington was elected President, and has continued to fill the office in a most acceptable manner ever since. The Secretary and Board of Trustees are intelligent men, laboring earnestly to promote the prosperity of the Society. The writer, a teacher of deaf-mutes, and familiar with the sign language, lectured before the Society in September, 1874, and again a few weeks ago. Much progress has been made during this time. In 1874 the Society met in a large hall, temporarily secured for the purpose, and in almost every way unsuitable for such a gathering. Now it meets at 89 East Madison street, in a pleasant and neatly-furnished room. A library has been started, and already contains over 100 volumes. The Society meets every Wednesday evening at half-past 7 o'clock, and every Sunday afternoon at 3. The possession of a room by the Society enables teachers from the various State institutions for the deaf and dumb, and other men who can address them in their own language, to lecture to them, and to conduct religious services for their benefit. Evidently this, together with the lectures, debates, and frequent occasions for social intercourse of the members themselves, promotes their education, mentally and morally, and enables them to understand better their duties and responsibilities, thus making them better and more useful citizens. Should any of the readers of *The Tribune* desire further information with regard to the Society and its work, it will be given them cheerfully by calling at Room 10, 89 East Madison street.

D. H. C.

—M. L. Wright is in Washington.

What made him do it?

It would be safe to predict that a crowded house would greet Mr. B. F. Taylor if he should ever be called to lecture here again. Although a comparative stranger to us, he was favored on Thursday evening last with as select an audience as we have ever seen assembled in Mexico. We think ourselves justified in saying that the expectations of the many who attended the lecture were fully realized. If Mr. Taylor's theme was not, in many respects, a novel one, it was at least treated in a novel manner. The subject of "motive power," is, perhaps, in the abstract, as old as that of temperance. But as the latter, when presented with the eloquence and dramatic genius of a master, like Gough, springs into new life, assumes proportions of beauty before unsuspected; so are the daily influences that mold our lives and characters, the motives that prompt our actions laid before us in a new light when produced by a writer like Taylor. An attempted abstract of his lecture would do it only injustice. If it was not profound, it was none the less pointed. If it glittered with illustrations, they each carried a moral. If it contained a steady stream of humor, it yet taught many valuable truths. Those who find so much fault with what they term the "degeneracy of modern times," would find much food for reflection in Mr. Taylor's eloquent defense of our age. His semi-humorous remark, "The world contained more murderers, proportioned to the number of inhabitants, in the days of Adam and Eve, than now," is worthy of their attention. Mr. Taylor's well-earned reputation as a word-painter was admirably sustained by the thrilling descriptions with which his lecture abounded. In the sun and in the moon; in appetite and in affection; in fact, in almost everything can be found some one of the motive powers of the world—something that makes humanity the better for it; for motive power is, more than gold, the genuine wealth of the world. The impelling influence, not the individual impelled, is that which ought to be most regarded, for we live in this world by means of this influence long after the sexton has done with us; and "our hold upon this planet is as feeble as a fly's upon a window pane."

Mr. Taylor has just completed a poem—yet unpublished—upon "The Fast White Mail." In speaking of his ride from New York to Chicago in twenty-six hours, he repeated a stanza of this poem, in which he refers to the engineer and his locomotive:

He lets her out in giant strides;
She thrusts her slender arms of steel,
Deep in the caskets at her sides,
The nervous creature seems to feel
Something precious hidden there,
Plucks out great handfuls of the power,
That gives her sixty miles an hour,
And flings and tosses everywhere
Great volumes of the power asleep,
As if a million fleecy sheep
Turned out to pasture in the air!

Mr. Taylor's manner of delivery, while not free from minor faults, is, upon the whole, well suited to the style of his lecture—a labored, heavy, ponderous declamation would ill become him. He is at times too rapid, and it is not always easy to catch the closing words of a sentence. The attention of the audience was admirably held from beginning to end, and frequent applause and laughter marked the more telling "hits" of the address.

The Hannibal Revellesays that a man who lives a short distance from that village was last week swindled to the tune of \$106. A clothes-line agent came along and tried to sell him 50 feet of line, and also proposed to make him an agent. After considerable talk the Hannibal man was persuaded to sign an order for 50 feet of line, and the man departed. In two or three days another man came along and demanded \$106—the order for 50 feet having been increased since being signed. The man demanded the cash, threatening to take legal steps if the demand was not complied with then and there. Being frightened into it, the Hannibal man finally signed a bank note for the amount.

At a meeting of the Regents of the University at Albany, recently, the following appropriations were made to institutions of learning in this county:

Mexico Academy,	\$178 88
Pulaski Academy,	526 12
Sandy Creek Union School,	57 87
Falvey Seminary,	99 97
Oswego High School,	210 44

The whole people as with one voice, proclaim HALL'S HONEY OF HOREHOUND AND TAR the sovereign and infallible remedy for Coughs, Colds and all Bronchial difficulties. It is the National Specific for pulmonary disease.

Pike's Toothache Drops cure in one minute.

THE NEW YORK OBSERVER.—This best of family newspapers is as fresh and interesting, now in its fifty-third year, as ever before; and indeed, we think it more so. Its letters alone are worth more than the subscription price of the paper. It repudiates all offers of premiums, pictures, &c., and sends to its patrons a splendid family newspaper of the largest dimensions, containing all the desirable news, religious and secular, and an endless variety of reading for young and old, all of which is pure and good. Every family should have it. For specimen copies, address S. I. PRIME & Co., New York.

—The Academy opened on Tuesday, under the management of Mr. C. E. Havens as Principal, Mr. C. C. Stowell as Assistant, Miss Nellie Hall as Preceptress, and Mrs. A. M. Parker as teacher of Music. Having such an excellent corps of teachers, it should be well patronized.

Accident to Mr. Edick.

On Monday, Mr. John Edick was drawing wood from his farm situated near the line between this town and Richland. He had put on quite a large load, and was just taking his seat on it, when the horses moved forward a little, which threw him backwards to the ground. He struck upon his head, and lay senseless for some time—how long he cannot tell. When he became conscious, he succeeded in obtaining help, and was brought to his home in this village. We understand that he is as well as could be expected now. His head is quite severely bruised and cut, and his body sore and lame. We wish him a speedy recovery.

Letter from Buffalo.

MR. EDITOR:—Business is the Molech of Buffalo idolaters. Every possible scheme for making and saving money is employed here. The people live in dingy buildings, wear threadbare coats and spend the least money possible in fitting up their business places. They have a public library or two, but are so afraid of losing a book that no one can endure their regulations. Business makes the street cars run very frequently but economy takes off from them the conductor and one of the horses.

There are places here which are called hotels, but they would hardly be recognized as such in Central New York. The furniture is worn out; the walls black, the dining-rooms, half-furnished attics. Economy reduce the number of waiters to the minimum, and puts cracked plates and disabled knives and forks on the table. But it must be confessed that if the hotels of Central New York do boast of better style, they do not furnish so good a bill of fare. In this respect Buffalo is lavish and provides more than enough. Just enough may be "as good as a feast" theoretically, but practically these Buffalo dinners are preferable. The model hotel will combine the good style of your part of the State and the good fare of Buffalo.

Buffalonians cannot afford time for a visit to the fashionable watering places, consequently, they have established a resort of their own where they can go of a Sunday and not neglect business. Bay View, as they call it, is on the shore of Lake Erie and, being expensively fitted up, really deserves the praise of being half as attractive as Mexico Point would be under the same care. It is, perhaps, too good for this pinching, almost miserly people.

Mexico's representatives here do not take "back seats." You cannot stay here long without reading or hearing about the Temperance Society of which Hon. H. W. Loomis is President, while Mr. D. S. Kellogg is a highly respected teacher in the Normal School.

Respectfully, N. E. P.

When people have been hard at work and are tired, or don't feel very well, how good it is to have a nice, easy chair to sit in. Well, A. S. Gibson has chairs that are easy, that look well, and that are strong. They are also very cheap—so cheap that nearly everybody can afford to have one. Call and see them. All who have seen them are very much pleased with them, and it is no wonder that they are selling so rapidly.

Prof. Williams' lecture to the teachers of the 3d Com'r District, will be delivered in the M. E. Church, in this village, on Friday evening of this week, at half-past seven o'clock. All are invited, and we trust many of our citizens will avail themselves of the opportunity. His subject will be "The ability and responsibility of teachers," and we feel safe in saying that it will be entertaining to all, and especially to those interested in our schools.

A daughter of Mrs. Julia A. Stevens, of Pulaski, has had Epileptic Fits for the past ten years. In that time scarcely a day has passed that she has not had one, and oftener more. Dr. Spinner, who visits Mexico each Wednesday, began treating Miss Stevens Nov. 15th, and since then she has not had even a symptom of an attack.

Bolschazzar's Feast.

This magnificent Oratorio is now undergoing most thorough study and practice by Mr. Lewis Miller and a judicious selection of singers from among the best in this place; and is to be presented to the public on the evenings of the 28th and 29th of this month. It promises to surpass the Oratorio of Esther, so successfully presented here last year, not only in the quality of the music, but in the scenic effect. This statement is made after a complete examination of the Oratorio itself, and a knowledge of the arrangements for costumes, various representations, &c. We are glad that this most thrilling picture of Bible history, dramatized by one of the best musical composers of the day, is to be thus given to the public. It will be thrice welcome as a holiday entertainment of the highest order. No pains will be spared to make this the finest musical performance ever presented to this community.

SIGMA.

—We are informed that there will be a Musical and Dramatic Entertainment given by the ladies of Grace church, in Empire Hall, Wednesday evening, the 22d inst. We shall be able to give further particulars in our next issue.

—The tamery of C. S. Chamberlain, at Hannibal, was destroyed by fire December 3. His loss, unprovided for by insurance, will aggregate about \$6,500. There was an insurance of \$1,250 upon the property. This property was the accumulation of a life of industry.

—The holidays are close at hand—merchants, advertise your wares.

Teachers' Associations.

The teachers of the Third Commissioner's District will hold their Association at Mexico, Dec. 10th and 11th. The programme is as follows:

Friday evening—Lecture—subject: The ability and responsibility of teachers, by John G. Williams.

Saturday, 9:15 to 9:30 a. m.—Opening exercises.

9:30 to 10:15—Geography by S. R. Trumbull.

10:15 to 11:00—Spelling, by Nellie Martin.

11:00 to 11:10—Recess.

11:10 to 11:45—Drawing by Mrs. Dr. Lewis.

11:45 to 12:00—Remarks, by Com'r Ladd.

12:00 to 1:30—Intermission.

1:30 to 2:15—Arithmetic, by Mr. C. C. Stowell.

2:15 to 2:45—School Amusements, by Clara H. Woodbury.

2:45 to 3:45—Discussion—subject: Resolved, That the awarding of prizes is detrimental to the best interest of schools. Principal speaker on the affirmative, D. Hinman; on the negative, C. F. Wright.

3:45 to 4:00—Miscellaneous exercises.

All teachers and friends of education are cordially invited to attend.

HATTIE E. RICHARDSON, Sec'y.

The teachers of the second Commissioner's District, will hold their last Association under the supervision of Commissioner Howard, at Constantia, Dec. 17th and 18th, 1875. The following is the programme:

Friday evening, Lecture, subject, Hygiene, by D. T. Whyborn.

Saturday, a. m., 9 to 9:15, opening exercises.

9:15 to 10, Reading by G. W. Hawley.

10 to 11, Geography, (Oswego Co.) by Miss Miller.

11 to 11:10, Recess.

11:10 to 11:45, Grammar, by Mrs. Wm. C. Gowdy.

11:45 to 12, Essay, Miss Graves.

12 to 1:30, Intermission.

1:30 to 2:30, Arithmetic, F. Walker.

2:30 to 3, Address, Com. Berry.

3 to 3:10, Recess.

3:10 to 4, Miscellaneous Exercises.

All teachers of this district are requested to be present and prepared to make this association the best and most profitable of any during Com. Howard's term. All teachers and friends of education from other districts are also cordially invited to attend.

W. R. ALSEVER, Secy.

CENTRAL SQUARE.

ED. INDEPENDENT.—The funeral of Rev. Peter Woodin took place last Wednesday, according to announcement in your last issue. About three months previous to his death he arranged in every particular the services which he desired should be held on that occasion, and the individuals whom he desired should participate. He was so well and widely known throughout the county that it may be of interest to give the order of the services as they occurred.

Singing, "Shall we gather at the River?"—Choir. Invocation by Rev. Mr. Brown, of the M. E. Church. Hymn, "Rock of Ages,"—Choir. Scripture, First Cor., latter part of the fifteenth chapter, also Rev. 22d.—Rev. Mr. Owen. Prayer.—Rev. Mr. Dudley, of Cayuga Co. Hymn—"When I can read my title clear," by the congregation. Sermon by Rev. Mr. Dudley.—Text, "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." In his opening remarks the speaker said that for nearly half a century there had existed between Elder Woodin and himself a friendship like that of David and Jonathan. The sermon was full of tender eulogy for the dead and kindly, but

Voices at the Throne.

A little meek-faced, quiet village child,
Singing by her cottage door at eve,
A low sweet Sabbath song. No human ear
Caught the faint melody. No human eye
Beheld the upturned aspect or the smile
That wreathed her innocent lips the while,
They breathed
The oft repeated burden of the hymn,
Praise God! Praise God Almighty!
A seraph by the throne,
In the full glory stood. With eager hand
He smote the golden harp strings, till a flood
Of harmony on the celestial air,
Welled forth unceasing, then with a great voice
He sang.

He sang the Holy! Holy! Holy!
Lord, God Almighty; and the eternal court
Thrilled with the rapture,
The archangels thrilled and burned
With vehement adoration. Higher yet
Rose the majestic anthem. Without pause,
Higher with rich magnificence of sound,
To its full strength; and still the infinite heavens
Rang with the Holy! Holy! Holy!

Lord God Almighty!
Till trembling from excess of awe and love,
Each enraptured spirit sank before the throne,
With a mute hallelujah. But even then,
While the ecstatic song was at its height,
Stole in an alien voice; a voice that seemed
To float upward from some world afar.
A weak and childlike voice, faint, but sweet,
That blended with the seraph's rushing strains,
Even as a fountain's music, with the roll
Of the reverberate thunder; loving smiles
Lit up the beauty of each angel face,
At the new utterance. Smiles of joy that grew
More joyous yet; as ever and anon,
Was heard the simple burden of the hymn,
Praise God! Praise God Almighty!

And when the seraph's song
Had reached its close, and over the golden lyre,
Silence hung brooding, when the eternal courts
Rang with the echo of his shout sublime,
Still through alysmal space the wandering voice
Came floating upward from its world afar,
Still murmured sweet on the celestial air,
Praise God! Praise God Almighty!

—Gems rescued from oblivion.

Letter from Maine.

MR. EDITOR:—You never visited the
Pine Tree State, did you? Then you can-
not know what pleasant times are in store
for you when you come. Old Orchard
Beach, Mount Desert, Moosehead Lake,
Cantine and Camden with their respec-
tive attractions, are each and all too well
known to need me to say anything in their
praise. But there are many other places
quite as attractive. Romantic
little nooks far away from the shriek of
the steam whistle, where dwells the Yan-
kee in all his primitive glory. Here, it
may be supposed, the good mother rocks
her babe to sleep to the strains of "Hail
Columbia" and "Yankee Doodle." Here
bloom the Yankee maidens lovely as ap-
ple-blossoms, and possessing the peculiar
Yankee knack of taking care of one's
self in any and every emergency. But
it is not of these matters I wish to write
just now. I was going to say you might
travel many a day up and down the
State before you would be likely to meet
any deaf-mutes. Not that they are so
scarce; but they live scattered over the
whole State, and, excepting Saco and
Biddeford, no considerable number live
in any one town or city. Belfast has
about half a dozen, and that may be as
many as any other town holds. Bangor
with a population of over 20,000, has
not, to my knowledge, at the present
time, more than two or three mutes with-
in its limits.

If you look over the list of pupils at
the American Asylum, you will see that
Maine now sends a larger number than
any other State, save Massachusetts. In-
deed, the number now at Hartford from
Maine is nearly sixty—enough for a
respectable sized school, and there are
yet more at Northampton.

Reflect a moment and consider what
a distance it is to travel, especially from
the extreme northern and eastern parts
of the State, to reach Hartford and
Northampton. Between three and four
hundred miles. It is indeed a long dis-
tance to send children from home, and
with a friend to accompany them the ex-
pense is considerable. Besides, at the
Clark Institute, they are obliged to pay
\$75 in addition to that furnished by the
State.

For the above reasons and others, you
may well suppose the mutes have a
rather hard time of it, and you will not
wonder some begin to think we ought to
have an institution established in this
State. To tell the truth the matter
has been agitated in certain quarters.
A year since a gentleman in Aug-
usta, whose interest in the mutes was
quickened by his having a little deaf-
mute daughter, who is now at North-
ampton, laid the subject before the Gov-
ernor and Executive Council. Mortify-
ing to relate, it was dismissed on the old
pledge of economy. Yet the State treasury
is full of money, and there are not a few
million acres in Maine. I regret to say
public beneficence does not appear to be
their strong point.

Much as I admire and respect that
estimable widow, the pious Victoria,
Heaven forbid I should live to see the
day when we are annexed to her domains.
Yet one cannot but think how nice it
would be for those mutes living near the
eastern border to slip over the lines and
attend school at St. John, New Brun-
swick.

The State not being laid out in such a
net work of railroads as New York and
Massachusetts, the mutes are not in the
habit of exchanging frequent visits, and
are necessarily much isolated among the
hearing. I have known of several who
after leaving Hartford never met one of
their number for years. One young lady,
living far out of the line of travel, in
Hanock county, passed eight long years
without seeing a mute, and at that time
had almost forgotten signa. Could these
mutes in their widely scattered homes,
know of so good a paper as the JOURNAL,
I feel quite sure your subscription list
would be considerably increased.

Yours truly, A. E. A.

Indiana Notes.

Thanksgiving day was observed here
by the suspension of school duties and
all other avocations, and the substitution
of more suitable emblems of thankful-
ness. As soon as the children learned of
the appointment of Thanksgiving day by
the President, they began to count the
intervening days. And some, who before
could not count to "four" any better than
an old cat could numerate the same num-
ber of kittens, learned to count accu-
rately to "thirty," and were soon able to
enumerate almost any large number.
And these were those upon whom all
effort to impart instruction in arithmetic
had apparently been useless. Although
the daily tasks were suspended, the day
was not spent in vain. Many saw and un-
derstood things which they had not com-
prehended before, and would probably have
learned in no other way.

By half past eight in the morning, the
sun was fairly up and above the tree
tops, throwing its warm and pleasant
rays upon the frozen ground, and bright-
ening up everything. The children had
finished dressing by this time and were
out in the bracing air, bounding over the
beautiful grounds, playing leap-frog, foot
the ball up into the air with the foot
or bat, and engaged in other games. The
writer was the officer of the day, and being
ambitious that all should make the most
of it, went out to observe the pupils at
play. There is a large Indian mound
on the grounds, called "Prophet's Rock."
He repaired to this to obtain a bet-
ter view of the children at play. Very
soon an old gentleman clambered up, and,
as he gazed upon the happy faces around
us, he said, "Ah! it causes my cold
heart to thrill with emotions of delight
as I gaze upon the unfeigned pleasure
depicted upon the surrounding faces, and
it rises with feelings of thankfulness
unto the great Author who forgetteth
not the wants of even the silent children
of misfortune." The writer replied that
it did his heart good also, but he could
not see how they could be called silent, as
they had been making a great noise. At
half past ten, they were summoned into
the chapel for a Thanksgiving address.

At one o'clock they repaired to the dining-
hall. The tables fairly groaned under the
edibles placed upon them. The principal
features being roasted turkey,
mince pie, apples, vegetables and cake.
In the evening, many friends of the
children came out to the institution to
see them and witness their games.
Among them was Mr. Henry Townsend.
He is a model old gentleman and knows
well how to amuse children. He took
part in some of the games, and the chil-
dren thought much of him, and very
much regretted his leaving. He had
just left the State of Missouri for In-
diana. His wife is staying with Hon.
J. Jackson, of Illinois, while he is in
this State, in search of a home in which
to spend his remaining days. He thinks
the JOURNAL is an excellent paper and
has subscribed for it.

The party broke up at 9:30 p. m., and
the children were soon in the arms of
Morpheus. Mr. Townsend became the
guest of the writer. He repeatedly said
that he would not under any circum-
stances advise deaf-mutes to go West,
for the reason that there was not even a
comfortable living to be got there without
great difficulty. The grasshoppers had
driven him out of that country. The
hardships and sufferings of the people of
that country had to bear, were very great.

The next day, while visiting the dif-
ferent classes, he gave the children a
brief history of his boyhood, both before
entering school and afterwards, which
was peculiarly interesting to them.
Every one could understand it, as it was
told in the simplest way. He addressed
one of the younger classes somewhat as
follows: "My dear little friends—I am
so happy to see you and be able to talk
to you. You are young and I am old;
you have seen very little of the world
and are inexperienced in many things;
I have seen much of the world, and un-
derstand many things. When a boy I
knew but a small fraction of as much as I
do now. Before I could read or write,
my father used to make me understand
him by natural signs, such as I know
you used to make your friends and par-
ents understand you with. One day
when I was about eleven years old, my
father told me that there was a school
for the education of the deaf and dumb,
away off, pointing towards the east. I
cried and begged him to take me there.
He made me understand that it was too
far and that there was no way to get over
the high mountains beyond which it was.
I cried the more then and father also
cried. When I was about fourteen years
old, news came that they were founding
a school for the education of the deaf
and dumb in Ohio. I was exceedingly
glad but did not go the first year after
the school was started. I went during
the second or third year. There were
about thirty deaf and dumb children in
the school at that time in advance of me.
I studied hard and in a few months had
caught up with all, and kept steadily ad-
vancing until I left school. If I had
been lazy and careless I would not have
accomplished a great deal. You know
that lazy boys and girls never accomplish
much in the way of obtaining an educa-
tion and are consequently poor and ig-
norant. I went home and worked for
my father till separation from him and
the comforts of home could no longer be
avoided. I carried in my heart all the
instruction and good advice received at
school from good and kind teachers,
everywhere I went, and made many
friends. I was Post Master at Lagro,
Ind., for eleven years, when I lived there
a few years ago. Everybody living there
knew me well, and had entire confidence
in me that I would not appropriate their
things to my own use, and I never used
a single thing that belonged to others. I
have always lived at peace and happily
with my neighbors. Always do right and
deal honestly with people, and you will
have many friends, and will be even
more successful in business than I have
been. But if you get a living by dis-
honest means, you will have no friends.

or home, and all good persons will be
ashamed of you; but I hope you all will
become good and honest men and women.
Mr. T. goes to Jonesboro, Indiana.

On the evening of the 27th inst., there
was a large gathering of young people
at Mr. W. W. Angus' residence, to cele-
brate his forty-fifth birthday. They were
both hearing persons and deaf-mutes.
Mrs. Angus served up oysters and other
edibles at 8 o'clock p. m. After supper,
various games were played, such as
"Hiss," "Forfeits," "Old Maid," and "My
old grandmother is dead,"—this last one
was the funniest of all.

Mr. Angus has a very nice and com-
fortable house on Arsenal avenue, only
two squares from the institution.

We heard from the deaf-mute preacher,
lately, who, the readers of the JOURNAL
will remember as having been appointed
with castor oil at the commencement of
the late investigation, and who said that
he had saved 10,000 soles in Parke Co.,
by putting sheet-iron on the shoes instead
of leather. His wife has gone forever
from here. A CORRESPONDENT.

Indianapolis, Ind., Nov. 29, 1875.

Letter from Minnesota.

SEABURY HALL, Faribault, Nov. 28th, 75.
DEAR RIDER:—Thinking that the
many readers of your JOURNAL will be
interested in hearing from this part of
the country, I will briefly describe our
visit to the State Institution for Deaf-
mutes, situated in this city. Its loca-
tion is admirable, as it overlooks the city
and surrounding country. The buildings
are two large stone structures, sixty feet
apart, but they are soon to be joined by
a large, central building, on which work
is already well begun. We were wel-
comed by Prof. Noyes, to whom we are
indebted for his kindness in conducting
us through the building, which we found
was scrupulously neat and well furnished
with all the appliances necessary for
comfort and convenience.

The school contains about one hundred
pupils, of all ages, classes and national-
ities. The morning is devoted to study
and recitation. We visited the recita-
tion rooms of Messrs. Downing, Carroll
and King, and were highly gratified with
the interest manifested, both by teachers
and students.

During the afternoon we visited the
workshops, where the students devote
half the day to such trades as coopering,
tailoring, and shoe making. The best
order and attention prevailed, and we
were informed that many of the boys de-
velop great skill in the manufactures, by
which, with the advantages here offered
them, they go out into the world fully
prepared for earning a livelihood.

In the evening we looked in upon the
boys, gathered in the play-room, where
their lively manners and bright faces
spoke plainly of comfort and enjoyment
in this, their home.

We cannot speak in too commendable
terms of the plan of the institution, and
the manner in which it is conducted.
The State may well have entire confi-
dence in such efficient officers as Supt.
Noyes, and his corps of teachers.

Eco.

New York and Vicinity.

I have been a subscriber for the JOURNAL
for some time, and have noticed the
conspicuous part taken by some of your
correspondents in endeavoring to pro-
mote the interests of what I consider to
be the best paper for deaf-mutes in this
country, and earnestly hope that all deaf-
mutes are of the same opinion. I will
add my mite in the way of news.

Mr. George Farley and wife, who have
been, till lately, residing in this city,
have moved to Utica. He will be much
missed by his many friends, and espe-
cially by the Manhattan Literary Asso-
ciation, in which he took an active part,
not only in his official capacity as Sec-
retary, but also in debating and discussing
the different subjects which were brought
before the notice of the club. It is un-
necessary to say more concerning Mr.
Farley, for we all know him to be a highly
educated, honest and accomplished gen-
tleman, and sincerely hope that we have
not seen the last of him.

WHO IS HE?

As your correspondent was leaving
St. Ann's church, yesterday afternoon, he
noticed a Chinese youth, who had been
attending the service, and on inquiry, as-
certained that he could speak, but was
totally deaf. After several fruitless at-
tempts to ask him his name, he succeeded
in understanding me. He appears to
know little of the sign-language or the
manual alphabet, and I understand very
little of "Pigeon English," so he was
unsuccessful in his efforts to make me
comprehend what his name was.

A gay company of deaf-mutes left this
city on the 20th inst., to participate in a
party given by the Sunnyside Social Club,
in honor of the birthday of Mrs. Vibia
Greer. Mrs. G. and her husband re-
ceived her numerous friends with a cor-
dial and smiling welcome. The main
feature of the occasion was dancing. As
you will undoubtedly hear of this from
other sources, it is unnecessary for me to
say more.

On Thanksgiving day, a friend and
myself visited the New York Institution
for Deaf-mutes, and had a very pleasant
time. In the evening we attended the re-
union of the Fanwood Literary Asso-
ciation. Most of the pupils busied them-
selves with games, while your corre-
spondent and others proceeded to amuse
themselves in the more invigorating ex-
ercise of dancing. A quadrille being
formed the dancers went through the dif-
ferent figures without hesitation. After
this, we proceeded to the residence of
Mr. Van Tassel, where a number of his
friends had assembled to celebrate his
wooden wedding. At about 9 o'clock
a sumptuous supper was served to the
guests, and after a couple of hours spent
in dancing, conversation and amusements,
we started for home. ACHILLES.

New York, Nov. 29th, 1875.

Chicago Notes.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Though yesterday
(Thanksgiving day) was pretty cold, a
small party of deaf-mutes (all members
of the Chicago Deaf-mute Society) met,
by invitation, at the home of Mr. and
Mrs. Albert Grout to enjoy a social af-
ternoon and evening, and partake of a
most excellent Thanksgiving dinner.
Among the guests were Mr. A. W. Mann,
Prof. Emery and wife. With so pleas-
ant and cheerful a company within, little
did they heed the chilly wind and rain
without. Mr. Mann did much in his
genial, pleasant way to interest and
amuse the company by entertaining and
instructive conversation, and also intro-
duced interesting games quite new to
all the rest of the company. At 10 p.
m., Mr. Mann informed the company that
he must leave them very soon to take
the eleven o'clock night train for Mil-
waukee, Wis. He then read a very ap-
propriate hymn in beautiful and grace-
ful sign language, then offered prayer
with them and bade them good-bye. One
of the gentlemen accompanied him to
the train. The rest of the party re-
mained till a late hour, and some (on ac-
count of the storm,) until the next morn-
ing. They regretted very much that
Miss Angie Fuller, who was visiting in
the city, was not able to attend, having
had her eyes operated upon the day be-
fore. She has been suffering very much
from her eyes, and feared at one time
she would lose her sight entirely, but
after having one operation performed,
was very much benefited, and her phy-
sician assuring her that he could benefit
them still more, she submitted to a
second operation. She is a worthy and
intelligent lady. May her highest hopes
be realized.

On Tuesday evening of last week, a
select party (all members of the C. D. M.
Society) was present, by invitation,
at Prof. Emery's house as a token of re-
spect to Mrs. Radfington, the President
of the society, previous to her leaving
Chicago with her children, for Detroit,
Mich. They were treated to a splendid
supper. Prof. E. entertained them with
interesting stories, both ludicrous and
instructive; he also proposed some hard
questions which could only be answered
in part. I believe in that his manner is
like many other scientific men when at
social parties.

Chicago, Nov. 27, 1875.

A Tin Wedding.

On the evening of the 23rd of Nov.,
in the flourishing town of Fort Plain,
N. Y., there was a tin wedding party in
honor of Mr. and Mrs. Simeon Garlock.
Previous to that time a number of letters
had been forwarded by mail for the pur-
pose of inviting about twenty-five deaf-
mutes and forty other friends. Soon the
appointed evening came and in spite of the
rain-storm, the guests with many
pretty presents, entered the brilliantly
lighted parlor and congratulated the fine
looking couple, waiting to receive them.
It was pleasant to look around upon the
guests, whose faces were all smiling and
happy.

One table was filled with tin and glass,
and even iron found its way there and
what was perhaps better some bank notes.
There were many more useful things
than the couple had expected. A short
time having expired, a rich supper was
partaken of, after which the speaking
persons dispersed.

Among the deaf-mute guests were Mrs.
L. S. Backus, Miss L. E. Ewing, a gradu-
ate of the Ohio Institution, Messrs.
Geo. W. Campbell, Hiram Dopp and
your correspondent, and among the speak-
ing ones were Mr. and Mrs. S. Tingle,
author of the History of Schenck County
and Border Battles, and wife of New
York, and others. Midnight found us
enjoying a sociable and various games
which were quite romantic. The happy
impressions arising from the tin wedding
made an indelible impression on the
couple's memory. J. E. S.

—Revs. J. P. Stratton and S. P. Gray,
of this village, exchanged pulpits last
Sabbath morning.

—About one hundred choice books
have been added to the Presbyterian
Sunday School library.

—The Albany savings banks have re-
duced the rate of interest to 5 per cent.,
the reduction to take effect January 1st.

—The residence of Cornelius Corcoran,
Oswego, was destroyed by fire December
3. The property was insured for \$1-
000.

—E. L. Huntington has put four re-
flectors in the front windows of his store.
They are useful these dark nights as well
as ornamental.

—The semi-annual meeting of the
Oswego County Medical Society will be
held at the Doolittle House, in Oswego,
Tuesday, Dec. 14.

—The people at Denton's Corner's have
recently papered their church with beau-
tifully tinted paper, improving its appear-
ance very much.

—H. S. Conde & Son's Hosiery Mills,
in Oswego, were destroyed by fire on
Tuesday morning. Loss \$75,000; in-
surance \$46,000.

—In various parts of the country the
young people have associations whose ob-
ject is the study of "Grammatical inac-
curacies in common conversation."

—District school No. 8 opened on
Monday, with an attendance of 85. The
former teachers, Mr. C. F. Wright and
Miss Hattie Richardson, are retained.

—W. H. Ballou trapped one day last
week two very large and beautiful Snowy
Owls. Will has been exceedingly fortun-
ate lately in securing fine specimens.

—The hardware firm of Schenck & Sher-
iden, Fulton, has failed. The entire in-
debtedness of the firm is nearly \$40,000.
Its liabilities have not yet been ascertain-
ed.

ESCAPE OF BOSS TWEED.

HE GIVES HIS JAILOR THE SLIP.

NEW YORK, Dec. 5.—Boss Tweed es-
caped from the custody of Warden Dun-
ham yesterday afternoon. The following
particulars of the escape, so far as are
known, are condensed from the New
York Sunday Times:

Warden Dunham who accompanied
Tweed to his residence states that he re-
ceived no special authorization from the
sheriff or anybody else for Mr. Tweed's
removal from the jail. It is customary
to take out prisoners held on civil writs
for drives for the good of their health, or
for the purpose of affording them an op-
portunity of visiting their friends and
relatives. To my knowledge Mr. Tweed
was taken out under this rule four times
since the date of his reception here—June
22 last. In each of these leaves of absence
I invariably accompanied him. The re-
port that Tweed, Timothy J. Campbell,
Civil Justice elect, and myself left the
jail on Friday last and drove in a carriage
to the Clairmont Hotel, Eleventh avenue,
and One Hundred and Twenty-third
street is correct, our purpose was simply to
take a drive and dine at the hotel.
The delicate state of Mr. Tweed's health
was the necessity of these drives. We
left the prison, if I remember rightly, a
little after ten o'clock. The party,
which consisted of Tweed, his son Wil-
liam, keeper Edward Hogan and myself
entered a carriage, which was in waiting
at the street fronting the entrance. The
driver drove us to the terminating point
in Central Park. Here we all alighted
from the carriage and ascended a knoll
on the west side of the avenue, where we
probably remained fifteen minutes, walk-
ing around and chatting upon various
topics. Throughout the entire drive
Tweed appeared as if in excellent spirits,
without betraying the slightest nervous-
ness or lapsing into silence, as was some-
times his wont. In the discussion of
any subject conversed upon by us, he
took an active part, and often laughed
heartily. Returning to our carriage, our
driver guided his team where Tweed's
house is situated. Leaving the carriage
at the corner, we entered the house be-
tween 4 and 4.30 o'clock. Having en-
tered the front parlor where we met Mr.
Douglass, Mr. Tweed's son-in-law, we
sat down and talked awhile. Shortly
after, however, Tweed arose from his
chair, and intimated that he would like
to see his wife for a moment. The desir-
ed permission was granted him, and as
he stepped toward the door leading to
the hallway, Mr. Hagan went in the
same direction into the pantry to wash
his hands. I remained in the parlor with
young Tweed and Mr. Douglass. When
Hagan had finished washing his hands he
returned to the parlor and resumed his
seat. I waited, perhaps five minutes or
a little longer before I remarked that it
was time to start for the jail, and they
had better call Tweed down stairs. His
son went up stairs but shortly afterward
announced that his father had not gone
up stairs. I was surprised at this, and
told Hagan to go up and make further
inquiries and search while I examined
the lower part of the house. Before do-
ing so I took the precaution to open the
front door and take a view of the area.
Meeting Hagan in the hall I asked him
if he knew anything of our prisoner's
whereabouts, he answered in the nega-
tive. When I opened the front door the
carriage we had occupied during the day
still stood on the corner. The keeper
and I, after making a thorough search in
the house for Tweed, entered the carriage
and drove as rapidly as possible to the
police station in Fifty-ninth street, where
at our request a general alarm was sent
out. Both young Mr. Tweed and Mr.
Douglass manifested great excitement
when apprised of the fact of Tweed's es-
cape. After our departure from the
station, we drove to the Central Office,
and there learned that the news had been
transmitted from Fifty-ninth street. We
afterwards visited Sheriff Conner's re-
sidence, and failing the Sheriff there, pro-
ceeded to a club in Third avenue, but he
was not there. I have no theory as to
Tweed's escape and am quite bewildered
by the occurrence. In alluding to the
incident in his house, I forgot to state
that I almost distinctly heard Tweed's
step as he was going up stairs. After
we had been informed by Mr. William
Tweed Jr., that his father had gone up
stairs, I saw Mrs. Tweed at the head of
the light, and upon questioning her re-
ceived a similar answer. She appeared
to be greatly excited at the same time.
I last saw Tweed at 4.30 p. m.

Sheriff Conner makes a statement in
which he says that as soon as information
was conveyed to him of Tweed's escape
he took officers with him and made a
thorough examination of Tweed's house,
but failed to find the prisoner. He also
admitted that Warden Dunham had per-
mission to take Tweed out of jail on Sat-
urday. This permission was given after
much solicitation on the part of Warden
Dunham, and the sheriff supposed Tweed
wanted to go out to find some one to be-
come his bail. "The fact is," continued
Mr. Conner, "Dunham did not believe
that Tweed had any desire to escape.
He thought that the interests he had at
stake in this city were so large that he
would not want to abandon them. In the
fact, Dunham thought," said the sheriff,
"that Tweed could not be clubbed away.
But I was always uneasy. I felt from
the first that it was a great responsibility,
and I always wished that they would
take him away. I did not want him on
my hands. But he could have escaped
long ago," added Mr. Conner; "he could
have got out of jail at almost any time.
Everybody knows it is unsafe, and why
he did not go before I cannot tell. He
could have done so, if he had chosen.
Why he has gone now I am at a loss to
imagine. He could have easily escaped
when he was on Blackwell's Island, and
I am surprised that he did not go when
he was there." In reply to a question as
to whether he had any idea where Tweed
would go, he said he had not the slightest,
but he feared that he had everything so

arranged that it would be impossible to
find him.

The manner of Tweed's flight has not
been ascertained, and no trace of his hid-
ing place has been found.

News of the Week.

According to the report of the Super-
intendent of Public Printing, the cost of
Government printing for the year end-
ing September 30, 1875, was \$1,560,425.
The funeral services over the remains
of the late Vice-President Wilson took
place at Natick, Mass., on the 30th ult.,
and the body was buried in the cemetery
at that place.

Spain, in her note to the United States,
promises the gradual emancipation of the
slaves in Cuba, increased freedom of com-
merce; and that when foreigners are ar-
rested they shall have immediate hearing,
and that legal redress shall be obtainable
for past injuries.

The Atlantic express on the Central
collided with a switching freight foul
mile east of Buffalo, on Wednesday.

The steamer Sunnyside was struck by
the ice near West Point, on the 30th
ult., sank, and 11 persons were drowned.

In London, Wednesday, the "White
Chapel road mystery" ended with the
sentencing of Henry Wainwright to
death for the murder of Harriet Lane,
and Thomas, his brother, to seven years'
penal servitude as an accessory.

At an estate in Jamaica, recently, a
Hindoo beheaded five children in a re-
ligious frenzy.

A man, supposed to be George
Rawley, was found frozen to death on a
Broadway curbstone, New York, on
Wednesday.

M. C. Kerr was nominated for Speaker
of the House by the democratic caucus
in Washington, Saturday: ex-Congress-
man Adams was nominated for clerk.

Wm. M. Tweed escaped from the cus-
tody of Sheriff Dunham in New York,
Saturday: \$10,000 reward is offered for
his recapture.

General O. E. Babcock has been grant-
ed a court of inquiry into his connection
with the whisky frauds.

Charles Fulton was killed by a sugar
press in Jersey City, Saturday.

Mary Newton, colored, was burned to
death in New York, Saturday.

Three men were killed and two mor-
tally wounded by a boiler explosion, near
Franklin, La., Friday.

A mine explosion near Tredegar, Wales,
Saturday, killed twenty miners and
wounded many others.

Nine miles from Montreal, Saturday,
Rev. Fathers Murphy and Lynch and a
woman perished in a burning building.

The United States Senate was called
to order at 12 m., Monday, by President
pro tem Ferry, of Michigan. After
prayer by the chaplain, Senator-appointed
David M. Key, vice Andrew John-
son, of Tennessee, was sworn in. The
death of Vice-President Wilson was an-
nounced by Mr. Boutwell, and the Senate
adjourned. A large crowd was present
at the house, Monday noon. Two hun-
dred and eighty-six members of the two
hundred and ninety-two answered to their
names. Michael C. Kerr, of Indiana,
received 173 votes for Speaker and
James G. Blaine 106. Mr. Kerr was
declared elected, and escorted to the
chair.

At a Methodist ministers' meeting in
Boston, on Monday, Bishop Haven
granted the renomination of President
Grant, and his remarks were adopted by
a unanimous vote.

Five more bodies of the Sunnyside
victims have been recovered.

There was an explosion in the Swaithe
mine colliery, South Yorkshire, England,
on Monday, and 140 persons perished;
at Penytrec, South Wales, another ex-
plosion killed five miners.

On Monday, the North German
Lloyd steamer Deutschland went ashore
in the North Sea, and 50 passengers and
crew were drowned.

School Girl Murdered.

WATERTOWN, Dec. 4.—In Rutland,
six miles from this city, Tuesday after-
noon, Sarah Conklin, aged 11 years,
while returning from school through a
piece of woods was murdered. When

